

The ~~Ka~~-Bail
POEM:

D.
M.

Tom Turd-man's Epistle,

ADDRESS'D

To Charles L^EW^{EY}.

Turgidus, Alpinus jugulat dum Memnona dumque,
Diffinget Robini lateum caput, hac ego ludo. Hor.

Mentior as if quid, merdis caput inquiner albis
~~Corruum~~ Hor.

DUBLIN:

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1

Amo

erunt huiusmodi

etiam in aliis

II

admodum rursum
admodum rursum

admodum rursum

Amicus

admodum rursum



T H E

Kaven-Bail POEM, &c!

SA Y, great ^aPythagoras of our happier days;
How shall I stile thee in my ruder lays?
Hast thou from Horace or Longinus drawn
Their Souls, to animate thy lifeless brain?
Or didst thou once in Mavius plague old Rome,
Tho' C——y's senseless trunk is now thy doom?
With justice sure this judgment we may pass,
That thou art doom'd to animate an Ass.

^a So called from the various shapes he has appeared in, as that of Horace, Theocritus, Longinus, &c. and hereafter probably that of Pindar or Homer.

O happy ! cou'dst thou but assume the form,

E'er with its kindred + Lice thy carcals swarm :

But damn the luske ——— thy brother + Ulyss's dog,

He had a sow, and you could give the hand.

Say, did thy Nurse, when with her gentle sin,

She squeeze'd thy nose, or wip'd thee when bespiled,

Suck out thy snot as thro' a hollow quill,

Not ceasing 'till she made thy braies distill.

Or did the Mid.wife in the natal minute,

Squeeze thy thin scull, 'till nothing was left in it ?

Yet thy poor tongue escap'd her clumsy thumb.

Had that been lost, half Grub-street had been dumb.

On thy birth-day (ye gods avert such things)

To trim'd his bays, and clip'd his wings,

The Muses number'd with their harps unstrung,

A fog around thy infant temples hung;

[†] As our Hero's body, by reason of its fatness, inclines to putrefaction, his transformation into this animal would be of service to him, as it is the only creature that is free from this kind of vermin.

Alcentaur, and the Schoolmaster of Achilles, said by the Antients to be half man, and half beast. But Dr. Bentley, and other modern Critics have proved very learnedly, that this is spoken metaphorically, he being in reality a famous Translator of those days; and notorious for putting his Translation in comparison with the originals.

When thy dull Naead hovering o'er thy brest,
 Within this skull, I fix my throne, she said.
 Here let not Phœbus with his beams approach,
 Or the bold Musæ upon my shrine encroach,
 My thriving spawn of nonsense here I'll lay,
 And shed my mouldy influence ev'ry day ;
 Till grown mature, and into fashion wrought,
 They tumble out some huge unmeaning thought.
 So oft we find in some sheep's hollow nose,
 The vermin flies their little eggs deposit ;
 There hatch'd and nourish'd, by the heat they fill,
 And crawl forth maggots of prodigious size.

Art thou then, great *Translator*, come at last,
 To fight the living dead in dire contrast ?
 Beware, since *Horace* clasp'd thee just to death,
 Lest bold *Longinus* squeeze out all thy breath.
 Try not the virtue of his gorgons head,
 If you confront him, he will strike thee dead ;
 So with fond hope to shew his vigour fir'd,
 Vain Miles in the oak's embrace expir'd ;
 To wolves and bears his body fell a prey,
 Thine to the yawning bog-house we'll convey.

Yet still you'll not * suspend your gray goose quill,
 Tho' pluck'd you'll write, tho' kill'd, yet strive to kill;
 Thy Muse like some young prostituted whore,
 The more she's pox'd, will go astray the more;
 Or like fir-reverence in a fragrant sink,
 The more 'tis stir'd about, the more 'twill stink;
 She's like a flesh-worm hid beneath the skin,
 The more you rub, the farther it works in.
 She's like a top, which sleeping on the ground,
 The more you whip, it twirls the faster round;
 So various are the paths thy restless Muse,
 Thro' all the labyrinths of Fame pursues,
 Now she's on ground, now leaves her native earth,
 Now flounders in the mud that gave her birth,
 This way, or that she steers, no matter where,
 She's sure to leave her dirty relicks there;
 Thus some times Inales attempt a tree or wall,
 Tho' doom'd by nature on the earth to crawl;
 But where the groveling Reptiles strive to climb,
 They leave behind a filthy odious slime.

* Our Author made use of this expression, which he has often protested by the blessing of God to have put in practice, and that, at a time when, as he somewhere most unjustly files himself, a youthful Muse; tho' be it known to the world he was then about the age of thirty, as his Muse is still an embryo.

[2]

Yet still you say you'll write — , indeed why not
Tho' few can write, yet ev'ry Dunce may blot.
But you'll write Satyre — ; Yes — I follow nature —
An *Ale* will kick, and he's my fellow-creature;
But will you write good sense ? ay, there's the pause,
Then Sun go back, and Nature change your Laws —
When *Memon*'s bust was struck by *Phœbus* ray,
It felt the god, and chym'd in vocal lay;
But such the structure of thy wooden skull,
Its texture is so exquisitely dull,
That were his beams eternally to beat,
One tuneful echo, you could ne'er repeat.
If after all you'd censure, or commend,
Be this your rule, and you'll obtain your end ;
For Satyres write your paneygrick Lays,
And when you'd satirize, be sure to praise.
You fear'd, when first thy pointless arrows flew,
The woful vengeance that would close pursue.
When thou well-conscious of thy feeble wrath,
Ransack'd each *gamer* in thy own *Magnitathy*,
Rak'd thro' the *sieves*, and *jakes*, and *mug-hangs* Lane,
Nor *pantry scribbles* to supply thy brains ;
When you with oyster-bribe, or potent bub,
Had muster'd up the *hackney-grubstreet* & clubs.

Now

Now from all quarters met, the spurious Fry;

Hiss, boante and crack, then smoaking, stink, and dier
Amidst the foremost * P———s, as great a cum as
That wretch abandon'd to all honour B———.
So fowest'd geese are seen to flock together,
And cackle loud before tempestuous weather.

Of wishings such a noisy burrying Herd
Around thee flock, as flies around a t——d ;
Tho' none denies their sordid hire they earn hand
From powder'd † D———, to sloven & Barnum;
A net of stingless wasps, each fain would spire,
And thro' his quill his little venom squire
Of Plagiarys — , I might also speak, what then,
For who steals books, from books may steal again.

+ A cabal of scribblers, who finding it very difficult to make the world acquainted with them, very prudently entered into a conspiracy to make themselves known by complementing one another; their panegyrics were chiefly levelled at their judge Mr. C——y, who barter'd his ale and stakes for their bailiwick —

* This goodman mortal character, especially that part of it relating to his bony fly, is so well known, that it would be needless to enlarge upon it.

+ A little barnabish boy, who formerly from his studious pulling his wig, trimming his feet, and writing soft wameing love-sonets upon the fair you —

+ A sloven and Poet after — who, for some time, endeavoured to get his lively-hood by scribbling — but finding little encouragement in this tasteless life, has very wisely seek'd a wife, whereof his needle makes up the deficiency of his pen.